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THE Nation

SEPTEMBER 8, 1956
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for Prosperity

"Borrow. Spend. Buy. Waste. Want."*

*Business Week

by Kenneth Burke

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LETTERS

Terror in Greece

Dear Sirs: Having returned recently from Athens, I can not resist denouncing the conspiracy of silence which throttles all news concerning the political prisons and island concentration camps of Greece. If any one subject is taboo in the American press, this is it; even conditions in Franco's Spain are reported occasionally, but the various American-dominated governments of Greece have been sacrosanct and apparently considered beyond the range of journalistic criticism.

How many Americans know that at least two thousand Greek women and upwards of four thousand men have been kept in medieval-style jails and over-crowded concentration camps, many for as long as eleven years? How many know that in Greece a simple demand for a wage increase or a criticism of the country's corrupt economy suffices to put the dissident in hand-cuffs for "Communistic activity"? Of the thousands of American tourists who this summer are visiting Greece, few are aware that behind the façade of insolent luxury, dire misery stalks the land. In a nation of nine million, almost three million have been designated as "paupers" by a government service having no reason to blow up this particular statistic! No wonder that candidates never have been lacking to fill the unspeakable prisons and island detention centers.

On these islands, conditions can only be compared to those that existed in Germany's infamous concentration camps. With a total lack of medical care, a maximum daily diet of 1,500 calories and forced labor the rule, the health of each prisoner is systematically broken. No rules govern the management of these island hells, nor have they been opened to any form of international inspection. For the most part untried, and indeed unaccused of specific crimes, the inmates linger on until rescued by death. Nearly all suffer from more than one major ailment, the most common being pulmonary, cardiac, nervous and digestive complaints; young and old have lost their teeth; few are not affected by defective eyesight. During last winter, the coldest of the century, scores of men and women, weakened by chronic undernourishment, died of cold and exposure; the torrid heat of summer is proving fatal to many more.

It seems unbelievable that at a time when international tensions are relaxing, a so-called democracy should maintain these conditions of terror. Only the connivance of Greece's allies (the United States in the first instance) permits this to happen. Is it not high time that the American people demand that look behind the scenes which has been so long delayed?

D. L. WILLOUGHBY

London

He Stood for Nothing

Dear Sirs: Whatever the merits of Senator Kennedy, the fact that he was backed in the Democratic convention by opposing interests is evidence that he stood for nothing. Whatever the weakness of Estes Kefauver, we have to thank him for saving the party from the control of a coalition of Eastern bosses, racial bigots and religious authoritarians. In 1860 the racists controlled the party, in 1920 the bosses dominated, in 1928 the authoritarians had their way; in 1956 a combination of all three, with a very clever strategy and a liberal camouflage, was unable to win. The significance of the victory needs to be remarked because by covering it up the reactionaries increase the possibility of their returning to power.

PHILIP F. MAYER

Swarthmore, Pa.

Where Reason Fails

Dear Sirs: As part of his analysis of the logic of liberalism, in your July 28 issue, Richard Wollheim examines briefly the contention that "the findings of modern psychology have obliterated the picture of man as a thinking, calculating being that is essential to the 'optimistic' social thought of Condorcet or Mill." This contention he rejects as not valid. If psychoanalysis has, he says, "laid bare the extent to which the mind also consists of non-rational elements, the practice of analysis shows the extent to which these elements can be subdued by reason."

No doubt there are psychologists or psychiatrists among your readers who will challenge this statement. But if none should come forward, perhaps even a layman may be permitted to question it on the basis of what he had supposed to be generally known and accepted. Surely it is an unusual conception of analysis to regard it as subduing, by reason, the non-rational elements of human nature. Is not analysis rather a process by which a mind enslaved by emotion is, by means of this very same emotion—guided by the analyst—liberated and made again accessible to reason? This is quite a different thing from subduing the non-rational through reason. Indeed, is it not the chief value of analysis that it can succeed in situations impenetrable to reason alone?

I feel that Mr. Wollheim's gallant espousal of the traditional liberal belief that truth will inevitably triumph if allowed free expression certainly calls for firmer substantiation than he saw fit to give it.

D. L. HARLEY

Martinsburg, W. Va.

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Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Keith Hutchison, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson, M. L. Rosenthal (Poetry Editor).

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

Advice from Joe Smith

It is good to learn from Mr. Stevenson's speech to party leaders in Santa Fe that he intends to "listen as well as talk" in these pre-campaign sessions, particularly to the Joe Smiths. After we ourselves listened to a number of Joe Smiths recently, we have this friendly advice to pass along to Mr. Stevenson.

Turn a deaf ear, sir, to those who tell you that your first job is to get elected. Of course it is. But this notion, usually advanced by idealistic amateurs after their first rude brush with political realities, suggests that the wise candidate will indulge in Aesopian language, sidestep the tough issues and place unlimited confidence in the political "pros." One thing wrong with this approach is that it often insulates the candidate from the real issues, which are not always the issues that are debated in partisan terms. In 1952 the Korean War was a case in point. The platforms did not project it as a partisan issue nor was it debated in these terms; nevertheless Mr. Eisenhower's promise to go to Korea, if elected, was taken by the people as a statement of his determination to end the war.

There is a similar issue in this campaign and it could well prove to be the undoing of the Democrats. The platform does not present it quite as clearly as the respective acceptance speeches. Carefully avoiding the clichés of the cold war, the President made it clear that he is firmly determined to bridge "the great chasm" which separates the Soviet bloc from the so-called Western bloc. His attitude was conciliatory and hopeful; he wants to pursue the openings that have developed in the post-Stalin period and carry forward the various exchange programs. On the other hand, Mr. Stevenson put the emphasis not on conciliation but on reversing "the spread of communism." To some Joe Smiths, he seemed more concerned with "winning the cold war" than with safeguarding the peace. This disturbs many Joe Smiths, particularly those who regard the Democratic Party on its record as being somewhat more susceptible to pressures of a kind likely to lead to war than the Republicans under Eisenhower.

To Mr. Stevenson, then, we say: Don't let the President outflank you on the issue of peace as he did in 1952. The rumor making the rounds that Marshal Zhukov may be invited to Washington late in October suggests that the President may be planning once again to walk off with this issue. And, incidentally, the fact that Mr. Dulles put on one of his rare demonstrations of statesmanship-by-negotiation in London may not be unrelated to the circumstance that the Suez discussions took place during the convention season. In short, Mr. Stevenson, don't let peaceful co-existence versus a continuance of the cold war shape up as an issue even by indirection. And the way to prevent this is for you to ignore the cold warriors in the Democratic Party. Use your remarkable eloquence to convince the people that you, too, realize that the hope for peace lies not in belligerent, provocative, get-tough statements or the assertion of rigid positions which preclude negotiation, but by conciliation and persuasion of the kind that will be discussed by your warm supporter, Mr. W. H. Davis, in our next issue.

Dreams of Imperial Grandeur

Marshal Juin's declaration at Vichy (Aug. 27) for a federated status for Algeria within the French Union marks an about-face in his own ultra-imperialist position and may well presage a turning point in the long drawn-out colonial war. The statement was an unexpected blow to the bitter-enders, now branded as "retrograde conservatives," who have blindly resisted any change in Algeria's position as a second-class French province. The Marshal was considered their real if occult leader; he was the "strong man" who could be relied on against the politicos in Paris and in extremity undertake a Franco-like expedition to put the "house in order." With Juin's reversal the Socialist government should regain the initiative for the first time since last February when Mollet abandoned it to a riotous colonial mob at Algiers.

Strong coincidence marks the Marshal's declaration and Colonel Nasser's moral victory in the Suez Canal imbroglio. Disappointment was keen among the French at the outcome of the Suez conference. "The secondary, even the principal, aims of the preparatory meetings at London," *Le Monde* editorialized, "the loss of prestige inflicted on the Nasser regime, the check to pan-Arab ambitions will not be attained." This followed a prevailing notion that the Algerian rebellion has been "instigated by foreign agitators" — mainly at Cairo. Hence when Nasser nationalized the canal, the tone of most of the French journals rose to a fever pitch. Less concerned probably with the fate of the canal

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than with settling accounts with Egypt, the press was impatient with negotiations; it demanded immediate and resolute steps — even military ones. French diplomacy pursued a similar course. Caught between Russian support of Egypt and Dulles' moderating counsel, the French had either to take unilateral action or give up the idea entirely.

Another factor is the military situation in Algeria. Hopes for an early victory are waning. Despite an array of 450,000 soldiers against primitively armed guerrilla bands, the "rebellion" is stronger than ever. Jacques Soustelle, former Resident Minister in Algeria, writes in *Figaro* that "the rebellion has spread immensely in area and urban terrorism has increased considerably." Soustelle's evolution is symbolic. He went to Algeria a liberal; he left it an arch-colonialist. He has now shifted again to the position taken by Mendès-France: that France should now declare its intentions by decreeing a new status for Algeria to take effect when hostilities come to an end.

It is true that Soustelle, who anticipated Juin by a few days, rejects negotiations with the rebels, and demands that the new sovereignty be proclaimed on a "take it or leave it" basis. Marshal Juin's altered attitude is also linked to a frustrated ambition of establishing a unified Nato command in North Africa with himself as chief, a military vantage point from which he would hope to dominate metropolitan French politics. Nevertheless, the weakening of the intransigeant French Right could be turned to good use by the Mollet government. A solid majority of the French people voted for the Left last January because of its promise to end the war in Algeria. Mollet, however, yielded to the minority — and a tiny one at that — which would hear of nothing but force. The Resident Minister in Algeria, Lacoste, spurned all opportunities for negotiations. He refused to fight on two fronts at the same time, he said: against the rebels and against the colonials. The second front is now collapsing, or can easily be collapsed. That should allow the Socialist government to get back in step with the twentieth century, to stop wasting the patrimony of France on nostalgic dreams of imperial grandeur.

The Passport Duel

In a prolonged duel with those who have challenged the validity of its passport policies, the State Department has managed to avoid a decisive court test by making minor concessions at the zero hour. Four years ago, a federal court declared that American citizens had a Constitutional right to travel and held that the State Department's policies interfered with this right. In subsequent court decisions, the department was told that it cannot rely on the Attorney General's listings in denying passports (the Schachtman case); that passport applicants must be given a quasi-judicial hearing (the Otto Nathan and Clark Foreman cases); and that passport applicants have a right to face their accusers and to know the evidence against them (the Leonard Boudin case). Yet each time the department's critics appear to have forced a showdown, Mr. Dulles buys a little more time by making a concession. Most recently he has done this by granting Mr. Boudin a passport after a year-long duel in the courts. In the meantime, Mr. Boudin and five of his clients, all involved in passport litigation, were hailed before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in an effort to discourage their zeal in forcing the passport issue to a final decision. One of them, Dr. Otto Nathan, has been cited for contempt. Why does Mr. Dulles insist on continuing this duel? He can't be accused of being "soft" on non-conformists. Four years of stout resistance and studied evasion of court decisions is enough to win immunity from the charge of favoring adherence to Constitutional principles. It is time Mr. Dulles acknowledged the clear judicial handwriting on the wall and capitulated.

Turning the Clock Back

The West German constitutional court's decision outlawing the Communist Party has set the clock back by several decades. Some West German newspapers, such as the Frankfurter *Allgemeine Zeitung* and *Die Welt,* have tried to rationalize the decision by saying that constitutional provisions made it unavoidable. Besides, they say, the judges had only to glance across the Elbe to see what a dictatorship of the proletariat is like. Still others have said that the court's decision can be easily set aside: all the East German government needs to do is to consent to all-German free elections. (No one, of course, suggests how long the freedom of the Communist Party would last once reunification had been achieved.) The point about the constitution is equally fallacious. The West German constitution is provisional; it remains in force only until Germany is reunited. But the court's decision may well hinder reunification. And even those who defend the decision cannot help wondering why it was necessary to ban a political party that only managed to poll 2.2 per cent of the votes cast in the last federal election and failed to win a single *Bundestag* seat.

The Social Democrats opposed the decision on the stated ground that the elimination of the Communist Party is a political task to be achieved by open political methods; transferring the problem to the courts was not likely to aid in Germany's political development. But the Social Democrats may well have had another consideration in mind. Banning the Communist Party is only the first step in a familiar process. The goverment must now prevent Communists from "infiltrating" the Social Democratic Party. Thus the basis has been laid for an elaborate witch hunt that can only aid the Right. Once again German destiny begins to unroll.

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RECIPE FOR PROSPERITY

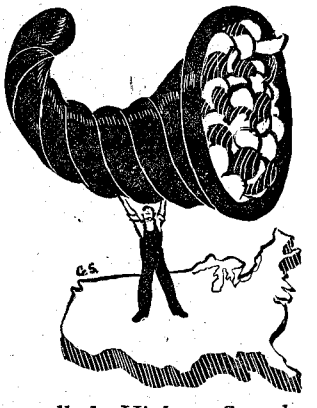
"Borrow. Buy. Waste. Want." . . by KENNETH BURKE

SOME YEARS AGO, in fact just before the stock-market crash of '29, I wrote an article entitled Waste—or the Future of Prosperity. It was a burlesque, done along the lines of Veblen's ingeniously ironic formula, "conspicuous consumption," as used in his *Theory of the Leisure Class*. The article worked up several variants on this theme, finding much merriment in such paradoxes as the fact that our people, who had been systematically led to believe that the maximum use of new manufactured objects is a sure sign of one's moral and social election, were kept frantically busy turning out labor-saving devices, that the more our consumers wasted the more they could buy (hence the greater the waste the greater the prosperity), and that, insofar as people failed in their economic function as wasters, there could always be recourse to wars, since in wars and the preparation for wars the amount of production for waste is prodigious. In sum, our position was: "We realize now that culture resides in *prosperity*, that prosperity is the outgrowth of *production*, that production can only follow *consumption*, that the maximum consumption is made possible by the maximum possible *waste*, and therefore that *culture depends upon a maximum of waste*. (At least until there is nothing more to waste.)"

In particular I centered on the automobile industry, taking Henry Ford as the symbol of that industry.

I think it's the only article I ever made any real money out of. In fact, I have sold it several times, and once a part of it was reprinted without consulting me. One sale (psst!) actually was to *Reader's Digest*. That was the most remunerative; but I should add: the sale was to a *Reader's Digest* then in a mood much different from its moods now. But, alas! I, too, am in a mood much different now from my moods then; and I couldn't now, for the life of me, stir up the spirit, not even out of a bottle, to cavort hilariously about such matters now as I did then.

Hegel remarks somewhere that all great, world-historical facts and personages occur, as it were, twice. He has forgotten to add: the first time as tragedy, the second as farce. And I nearly forgot to add that I am quoting from the opening sentences of *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, by one K*rl M*rx. However, in accordance with my nature, I would use the words revisionistically: for I am dealing with the fact that, whereas over twenty-five years ago I considered



the so-called Higher Standard of Living fit subject for a farce (insofar as this mode of life relied so heavily upon scientifically organized methods for goading the citizens of a great nation into a frantic scramble to buy unneeded things), now, in the years of my decline, I would look upon this same state of affairs as material for an almost awesome tragedy (albeit a tragedy that lends itself, in flashes, to such shrewdly morose and wincing appreciation as can at times go with high comedy.)

The terror derives from the fact that, to a great degree, unless we can somehow mend our economic ways and modify our naive and even crude response to the range of things made possible by applied science, there is no other solution for us but to persevere in the current frenzy, a frenzy largely maintained by the paid priesthood of advertising and by the corresponding paid or unpaid priesthoods of the arts.

My article—like all burlesques—was based on what I thought was a grossly exaggerated statement of my case. But recently (in their May 5 and June 16 issues) *Business Week* published two articles that startled me, and even nonplussed me, by offering as simple gospel a line that, if I could have thought of it when I was writing my burlesque a bit more than a jubilee ago, I'd certainly have used as the perfect frisky summing-up of my thesis. "Just past the midmark of the 20th Century," we read, "it looks as though all of our business forces are bent on getting every one . . ." (and here is the notable slogan) to "Borrow. Spend. Buy. Waste. Want."

I would then have looked upon such a slogan as ideal material for a farce. Now presumably it is to be taken in full earnest.

IN MY original article, also, I thought I was making much sport of the trick psychological devices whereby a customer with a perfectly serviceable car was persuaded that he should get rid of it because there was a newer model available. In particular, I guyed the doctrine of "obsolescence" that was implied in such high-pressure selling tactics. But now I find *Business Week* referring quite respectfully to the way in which General Motors "adopted the annual model change, helping to establish the auto industry's renowned principle of 'planned obsolescence.'" I had mistakenly thought that the principle was a joke; by now it has become "renowned."

A correction of another sort is in order, too. I had featured Henry

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KENNETH BURKE, poet and critic, is the author of *Permanence and Change: An Anatomy of Purpose* and many other books.

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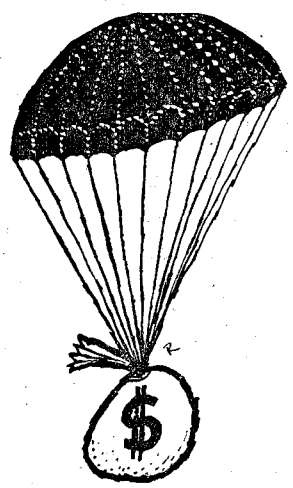
Ford as the person most responsible for this type of economy. However, the articles in *Business Week* point out that, on the contrary, Henry Ford was an old-timer ("the archetype of the production man") with an antiquated Puritanical notion that, if you gave people a serviceable car at a price made progressively lower by increased sales, a car that the buyer might use for several or even many years before it needed replacement, you would have done enough. According to *Business Week,* it was General Motors that freed us of such old-fashioned nonsense, and started the rat-race of the annual change-over, plus the inducements of ever-lengthening time for payment on the installment plan; and Ford was reluctantly driven to the same methods by the pressures of the situation, with its technologically and financially Darwinian competition for survival.

The articles help us see how, when other industries such as appliances and plastics developed by following the same marketing procedures as General Motors, we finally came to have, in all its perfection, "the Consumption Economy," the "age of distribution, of the consumer and his foibles," in brief the Grand Convergence or Fatal Confluence of the factors that make up what now usually goes by the honorific title (and perhaps partial misnomer) of "The Higher Standard of Living."

This, then, according to *Business Week,* is the age in which "Consumer is King." And I'd like to round out my statement by meditating briefly on that resonant formula.



First, I couldn't help recalling the gnarled philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, who went crazy at the thought that the modern world was undergoing a moral upheaval, a "transvaluation of all values." But if these articles in *Business Week* are reliable evidence, then the Nietzschean supermen of our modern sales philosophy can take a revolution in moral standards simply as a matter of course. Many people, we are told, "are upset by what they see as an enormous emphasis on materialism and triviality" in the contemporary scene. Whereat the articles accurately pit their bright new asyndeton ("Borrow. Spend. Buy. Waste. Want.") against "all the old admonitions" that "appear to have been outdated," such *Poor Richard* proverbial saws in behalf of frugality and thrift as "Neither a borrower nor a lender be. . . . Waste not, want not. . . . A penny saved is a penny earned. . . . A fool and his money are soon parted." Discussing the "danger in thrift," the articles note that if the typical consumer should take it into his head to buy only the things he really needed, "he would scare the life out of business men and economists."

But fortunately (and we seem to have here a modernized variant of the paradox in Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees,* whose individual greed brought prosperity to the hive), the typical consumer "seems to prefer living just barely within his means. This may be profligate and shortsighted of him, in some people's eyes, but it is a powerful stimulus to the economy,"—and the statement looks to me as though it could be fairly translated: "This may not be morally good for the individual, but it is good for business." Or, more bluntly, the obvious *ethical* question which should always guide a state, "What is business good for?" is almost imperceptibly translated into a quite different *economic* counterpart, "What is good for business?" For the *Business Week* version of a business ethics would seem to be somewhat like the ethics of a tavern-keeper who thought it his business to get us all stinko drunk and keep us so. But surely ethical business admonishes a buyer, and does not merely seek to make a fool of him. Meanwhile I begin to fear that what I thought was pardonable in my burlesque only because burlesque is by definition a playful exaggeration, is now presented to us as the Ideal Norm. But that can't be business ethics. Here it looks to me as though the congregation is being wronged by its priesthood. Business helps supply us—and that's a good job. And surely we don't have to become damfool spenders for business to carry out its role.

AS A MATTER of fact, one might even go a step further and ask whether, over the long run, promiscuous spending really is so good for business if, as tested by the rule of the Higher Standard of Living, the economic function of business is to see that the maximum amount of money is being spent on the output of our mines, mills, factories, farms and the like. For when a buyer is induced to buy on credit, then in proportion as his indebtedness increases, more and more of his income must eventually go to pay the interest charges on his loans. Thus eventually his creditors are taking a handsome cut out of his income; and thus, to the extent of that cut, in the long run a buyer cannot buy as much as he could have bought had he proceeded at a slower pace and bought always for cash.

However, the argument in behalf of systematic goading of the people into long-term installment buying may be that, had they bought purely on a cash basis, they would never have bought as much unnecessary goods in the first place. For when credit terms look easy, presumably there will be a greater temptation to adopt an easy-come-easy-go attitude that takes on obligations as lightly as the supermen of the *Business Week* articles seem to have taken on a reversal of moral values.

But maybe we have been proceeding too fast. For maybe, in trying to get an accurate insight into the possible cultural issues involved here, we should take a closer look at the assumption that this really is the Age of the Consumer. True: this "age of plenty" does contain a whole new wilderness of machine-made in-

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novations available for a customer to buy if and when the fancy strikes him. But we should also remember that, at the same time, even greater mountains of productivity have gone into goods, such as munitions, about which the individual member of the mass-market has no say-so whatever. And in the search for the exact proportion among the motivational ingredients in our culture, we should not allow ourselves to be too distracted by the gawdy stuff in the store windows on Main Street.

Indeed, it's fortunate for our economy that a vast proportion of our productivity does go into goods not accessible to the fluctuations of the mass-market. (I refer to such resources as investment by private corporations in plant expansion, but above all to the vast sums spent by the government for defense, rivers, harbors, dams, reclamation, highways, housing, crop subsidies, direct or indirect subsidizing of exports and the like.) For insofar as the Higher Standard of Living involves the mass-production of goods for sale to individual customers in mass-markets, it is necessarily synonymous with maximum instability.

What we might call the "Inevitability of Instability" in the Higher Standard is inherent in the fact that, by definition, the Higher Standard is preponderantly a realm of "conveniences" or "improvements" rather than basic "necessities." And even where they are "necessities" (as with automobiles in many cases) they may be "postponable" purchases (as our old car may do well enough for a while yet, if we decide that at present we can't afford a new one). As a result, "business men and economists are much concerned with what is now frequently called 'discretionary' spending, or the outlay on things which there is no pressing need to buy." And though one expert is quoted as thinking that "the whimsical nature of consumer spending" is likely to be exaggerated, we also note: "Since each shift of a percentage point between spending and saving can mean a difference of $2.5 billion in the nation's expenditures on goods and services, it is no wonder that business men and economists have been nervous about the personal-savings rate."

The articles say nothing about the kinds of production and consumption that, in falling outside the power of the individual consumer to cast an economic vote by buying or not buying, can counteract the instability natural to such a situation. The omission in itself is no scandal, since the articles were not on the subject of production as a whole. They were dealing only with production for mass-consumption. But in their engrossment with their subject, they make the individual consumer loom too large, even in his role as member of a great homogeneous band of similar consumers who tend to buy like him if they have the same income. And above all, the articles can make us overlook the cultural possibilities of stabilization in this other kind of production and consumption that lies beyond the consumer's direct jurisdiction.

True, such stabilizing kinds of production have various problems of their own. The most obvious instance would be the case where in times of peace a threatened sag in the civilian economy is prevented by an increase in spending for war goods. The surest way to make the citizens concur in such expenditures would be by working up a large measure of international ill-will. And while such a procedure might seem to some the patriotic thing to do purely from the standpoint of an armaments race, it can have an unsettling effect upon the national psychology, since a permanent state of systematically coached ill-will is not a sound basis for moral discipline or peace of mind. And the maintenance of peace productivity by war productivity obviously has a bad effect upon a nation's reputation abroad, where the citizens are not given the same slant by press and radio as in their own country.

MY OWN particular fond dream along these lines is of a dispensation whereby the federal government would undertake to reclaim our streams by equipping all towns and cities, and even private industries, with sewage disposal plants. If such a mighty cleansing operation were set up, to purify the very symbol of purification itself, and thus to give us back our miraculous rivers, to reconstitute as trout streams and pleasure spots what are now but excremental drains and chemically-laden sewers, then indeed technology could by its own technological devices transcend itself—and we could begin to correct the most drastic ill besetting our culture, those grim conditions whereby "progress" equals *pollution*. Far from being expended in a cult of waste, with the almost diabolical ingenuity that must sometimes be exerted to goad our citizenry into frantic efforts at exhausting our national resources as rapidly as possible, a vast project in national reclamation could be undertaken to the profit of us all.

Then, as patriots, we could have the maximum grounds for congratulating ourselves on our citizenship. And far from cramping the consumer, such improvements would but extend the range of opportunities for the consumer to disport himself, just as government-built dams but increase the opportunities for private enterprise.

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TALK WITH BOURGUIBA

Middle Way in Tunisia . . by ALEXANDER WERTH

Bourguibas, Tunisia

I WONDER how many people know that little Tunisia, with its 3,500,000 people, the smallest of the three "French" territories of North Africa, is the most advanced, most progressive Arab state in the world, and one whose example may be of decisive importance in the evolution of the Arab world towards a democratic and civilized way of life? It has the advantage of having (1) a leader of immense energy, popularity and ability in Habib Bourguiba; (2) a politically mature Nationalist party, the Neo-Destour, led by Bourguiba; (3) a powerful trade-union organization—the U.G.-G.T.—the oldest and most mature of its kind in the whole of Africa; and (4) proportionately a far larger intellectual and technical élite than any other North African country.

During the seventy-five years of the French Protectorate, Tunisia has, on the cultural and intellectual plane, benefited enormously from its association with France. In no other Moslem countries is there a sharper reaction than here against certain "outmoded" Moslem ways and, consequently, a greater reluctance to follow in the footsteps of the Arab League or to look to the Arab world for political inspiration.

During the last few days the young generation in Tunisia was thrilled—and some of the older people scandalized—by the publication by the Bourguiba government of the new "family code," which means, in effect, the introduction of a Western way of life in Tunisia: the prohibition of polygamy, a Westernization of divorce (the old rule under which a man could simply "renounce" his wife has been abolished) and the transfer of the authority of the old-fashioned religious courts to civil courts in all matters relating to domestic and personal relations.

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that all is well here. For several years the harvest has been bad in the whole of Central and Southern Tunisia, which is living in a state of semi-starvation; there are 400,000 unemployed. The French government has reluctantly agreed to give Tunisia some $48,000,000 this year for its investment program; and the United States has promised some grain deliveries to relieve the starving areas. There is a drastic austerity program to be put forward next month by the trade unions; and there are plans for asking U.N. or other international authorities for a large loan for starting public works.

The trouble is that currently the *whole atmosphere here is poisoned by the war in neighboring Algeria.* This was the main theme of the interview Premier Bourguiba gave me in his sumptuous office of the Dar el Bey, the "Arabian Nights" palace in the native city of Tunis.

I could not help smiling at the thought that the last time I was in this office—back in 1952—I was received, not by the national hero of Tunisia, but by the puppet Premier, M. Baccouche; that the country was then ruled with a rod of iron by the irate French Resident-General, M. de Hautecloque; that thousands of Tunisians were in jail, and that Bourguiba himself was interned on a rocky island off the mainland.

Habib Bourguiba

Bourguiba started the interview by talking of Suez, adding, however, that this was "perhaps the least of our worries." He said the whole Suez affair would fizzle out without war. "Nasser has had the good sense to agree to the principle of free navigation; also, he wants to replace the 1888 agreement by another one—in spite of the fact that Suez is, after all, in Egyptian territory, so that its position is not all so different from Panama or the Dardanelles. Nobody has the nerve to challenge seriously the nationalization of the canal; and, above all, the United States is not playing ball with your war-mongers." All the same, Bourguiba feared that the Suez affair might contribute to a revival of certain cold-war moods and weaken confidence in the area.

"BUT from the Tunisian point of view," he said, "all this is very small stuff compared with Algeria. So long as the war there goes on, we are building on sand. The Algerians have the right to self-determination; the French are trying in vain to put the clock back.

"The terrible thing is this: the longer the war in Algeria lasts, the greater will be the accumulation of anarchy and mutual hatred, and the more difficult will it be to set up any sort of reasonable cooperation between the French and Algerians. In Tunisia, they realized before it was too late that things couldn't go on, and the foundations have now been laid for a perfectly reasonable Franco-Tunisian co-existence. Everything now depends on how soon the war in Algeria ends. If it goes on much longer, *our* relations with the French will become impossible, too." [Marshall Juin, long a champion of complete French supremacy

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ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's *Paris correspondent, makes frequent trips to North Africa. He is the author of* France: 1940-1955 *and other books.*

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in North Africa, has unexpectedly come out for greater autonomy for Algeria. See editorial comment in this issue.]

"All the same, Mr. Premier," I said, "Don't you think that the French ought to retain a privileged position in North Africa, and particularly in Algeria?"

"Of course," said Bourguiba, "but only on condition that they recognize the legitimate aspirations of the Arab countries. If this horrible war of extermination, with its ghastly repressions, continues, how can there be any agreement between France and the Arab countries?"

"In France, Mr. Premier, there has been some talk of your mediating the Algerian conflict. What is your reaction?"

"The Tunisian government would be delighted to mediate, and, believe me, we are doing all we possibly can to preach moderation to both sides; for it's no use imagining that extremism and unreasonableness is only on the side of the French. The French must realize that colonialism is finished, while certain Algerian leaders, full of wild ideas picked up in Egypt, must realize they can't get everything overnight, and that they must proceed by stages, just as we have done."

I RECALLED to Bourguiba the words recently uttered by Ahmed Ben Salah, the head of the Tunisian trade unions, who had said: "Neither Tunisia nor Morocco can be sure of their independence so long as our neighbor Algeria is infested by this murderous war. We must openly take part by every means in the Liberation of Algeria."

Bourguiba made a face; this was, obviously, a point on which he was not in agreement with the much more leftist trade-union leadership:

"Honestly," he said, "I don't think the military side is what matters most. It's quite a different problem. Take the example of Tunisia. Here the French realized, before it was too late, that it was a case of striking a happy balance between our two peoples. I am sure the idea of a similar settlement in Algeria is bound to make progress in France before long. Besides, the example of Tunisia should be an inspiration to both sides. We have created an Arab state in which the legitimate interests of France are well-protected; a close association between France and a number of sovereign Arab states is surely the best way of strengthening the power and authority of France itself. We have shown in Tunisia that France has nothing to be afraid of. There were Frenchmen who imagined that the moment we became independent they would all be chucked into the sea. Nobody's been chucked into the sea, and there isn't a more peaceful city in the world today than Tunis. The French like to talk a lot these days about grandiose schemes for developing the mineral wealth of the Sahara; but the only way this can be done is on the basis of a close cooperation among France and the three sovereign states of North Africa."

Speaking of the latest civil reforms in Tunisia, Bourguiba said:

"Tunisia is a small state, but we intend to make it a model for all other Arab countries: a country based on social justice and respect for the human person. The reforms we have undertaken are very bold, and have naturally met with some opposition from the 'Old Turbans,' but the vast majority of our people are in favor. However, we are having great economic difficulties. France is helping us, but not much; and we expect to get some aid from the United States. Chiefly, we must depend on our own planning. All the same, we shall welcome investments from other countries, especially from the United States—*bona fide* investments, that is, not colonialist investments: they must benefit not only foreign capitalists, but also the Tunisian people."

Bourguiba felt very strongly about the reluctance of the French to "draw the logical conclusions from the proclamation of Tunisia's independence." "We have to haggle and haggle endlessly over things like the continued presence of French police and gendarmes; over the control of Radio-Tunis; and, above all, over the continued presence in Tunisia of 40,000 French troops. Politically and psychologically all this has a very bad effect, especially when the French police start arresting Algerian refugees in Tunisia. Damn it, we're not at war with Algeria!"

This, of course, was a tricky point. In Tunisia today, Bourguiba ranks as a "moderate" while the trade-union leadership insists on a much more "activist" policy in favor of the Algerian rebels—which partly accounts for French reluctance to withdraw their troops from Tunisia. Also, the trade unions tend to consider Bourguiba as a "bourgeois democrat"—they themselves entertain much more advanced Socialist ideas. They consider a drastic land reform and a "British" type of income tax essential and think that Bourguiba got hold of the wrong end of the stick when he recently introduced cuts in the pay of civil servants. There's a potential conflict here.

BUT THE greatest problem, as everybody knows, is peace in Algeria. Ferhad Abbes, one of the more moderate leaders of the Algerian National Liberation Front, with its headquarters in Cairo, is expected in Tunis shortly. There are, indeed, constant contacts between the Tunisian leaders and various Algerian representatives. Here, not only Ferhad Abbas but even Ben Bella are considered among the more moderate and reasonable Algerians. But there are others whom the Tunisians consider "pretty impossible." They accuse them of religious fanaticism and anti-French racialism; they consider that it was a major error on the part of the Algerian resistance leaders never to have distinguished between the "ordinary" French in Algeria and the diehard Big Settlers.

Bourguiba is certainly in a good strategic position to mediate in the Algerian conflict; he denies the French theory that, on the Algerian side, "there is nobody to talk to." The big question asked here is whether—and if so, when—the French will agree to avail themselves of Bourguiba's services to try to bring about an Algerian settlement without which Tunisia's future must remain uncertain.

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DAWSON OF ILLINOIS

What Price Moderation? . . by ROBERT GRUENBERG

Chicago

THE HERETOFORE muted voices of thousands of Negroes are going to find expression this November in the cities of the North. Drawn by the magnet of jobs and a seat on the front end of the bus, driven off by the "new South," they will join millions of other Negroes in the industrial heartland who preceded them by a few months or generations. And, in Chicago, it isn't long from the time they step off the all-night coaches in the grimy, drafty train sheds before they become voters—good, solid Democratic voters, immune to slick phrases about "the party of Lincoln" or a "Republican Chief Justice."

When they turn out at the polls, they are capable of swinging both city and state. Harry Truman found that out in 1948 when he carried Illinois by 33,000 votes. The Negroes in Chicago have been a bastion of Democratic strength in Cook county, depended on by the party bosses for the perpetual battle against hard-shell Republican downstate Illinois.

Responsible for much of this strength is one man, sometimes regarded as the most powerful politician in the nation: quiet-talking Representative William Levi Dawson, who can be a tub thumper when politics and the occasion demand it.

The grandson of a slave, he is now "the gentleman from Illinois" and vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee and of the Cook County Democratic Committee. He represents—or controls—the First District of Illinois, a stretch of South Side Chicago whose lake front is the lace on the fabric of overcrowded tenements, interspersed with used-car lots, factories, the rackety, back-bedroom-intruding elevated

line, second-hand clothing and furniture stores, saloons, store-front churches—the whole motley, ramshackle complex that is the American Negro ghetto. The area is sprouting some tender shoots of redevelopment: an insurance company's gigantic housing project (outside the income class of most of Dawson's constituents), new buildings by universities and hospitals and a city-operated housing project. But mainly the district is still identified with the high crime rate, the increasing delinquency figures, narcotics, prostitution and the numbers gambling racket which Chicago accepts as the natural state of affairs.

It was here that young Bill Dawson, who had come to Chicago from backwoods Georgia with fifty cents in his pocket in 1905 or 1906, carved his future. His father was a barber and his mother "worked her fingers to the bone to get me an education they wouldn't give me in the South," he recalls. Educated at Fisk in Nashville, and at Northwestern near Chicago, Dawson the lawyer became known in the twenties as a Republican supporter of the boodle-fisted Republican mayor, "Big Bill" Thompson. In 1933, he won election to the City Council. He served five years, then ran on an anti-New Deal platform for Congress and lost. In 1939 Mayor Edward "Big Ed" Kelly, one of the country's most famous political bosses, recognized Dawson's talents as an organizer. Dawson became a Democrat, and Kelly made him a ward committeeman.

Dawson explained at the time that he felt "free to choose any party label that best advances the cause of Negroes," and added also that he had always supported Mayor Kelly's Christmas Fund benefit! Charles K. Wheeler, a greatly respected political reporter of the day, put the matter in a different light: Dawson, he wrote, was to handle "such minor details as landing on the payroll and adjusting the Democratic process of the ward to the Jeffersonian formula, namely, that a people are best governed who are interfered with least."

THIS WAS no accidental misquotation. In the following years, Dawson was often charged with being the man ultimately responsible for gambling in his area, who manipulated police captaincies, who was responsible for the civic ills and political wickedness for which American city bosses are famous.

In 1942, on his third attempt, he won his Congressional seat and has since usually coasted easily to victory every two years. His maiden talk in the House early in 1943 was in behalf of an employee unjustly accused by the Dies committee. Later he joined Lee Pressman, then CIO general counsel, in attacking the poll tax. The following spring, primary time, 1944, he was attacking the "reactionary and prejudiced clique" in the military for its policy on Negro personnel. At the same time he spoke of "patience and understanding" as the key to good race relations. And in his office hung two pictures: one of Mayor Kelly and the other of Henry Wallace.

Here, then, was Dawson, the only Negro in Congress for 13,000,000 American Negroes. His prestige

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ROBERT GRUENBERG, Chicago Daily News *reporter, won the Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for a story on race tensions in Chicago.*

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soared when, in 1949, he became the first of his race to win a House committee chairmanship, the powerful Committee on Expenditures. When making his first call at the White House to discuss legislative reorganization, six colleagues accompanied him—including one each from Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Missouri. He was pleased to point out to newspapermen that in Washington "nothing untoward" had ever occurred to him because of his race.

He easily weathered editorial blasts on charges of blocking Hoover reforms and by 1950 was named a vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Now a wheelhorse on a national scale, he went on to win his fifth term in Congress. In an eloquent plea on the House floor, he helped defeat, 178 to 126, a segregation clause in the draft and U. M. T. bill in 1951. And that same year he decreed four more years of political life for the then Chicago mayor, Martin H. Kennelly, an unpopular figure among many Negroes because of his vacillating stand on housing and civil rights. Dawson could do what no other leader, Negro or white, could; though he controlled but four aldermen—each of them shrewd, able, intelligent—party leaders knew his nod meant the difference between victory or defeat. (Two years ago a fifth ward fell under his aegis and one of his men is expected to take over a sixth, Chicago's Twenty-fourth, once the famed political kingdom of Jack Arvey. There are an estimated 300,000 Negro votes in Chicago today.)

BUT LAST year Dawson vetoed Kennelly's bid to run for a third term as the official organization candidate. His stand evoked a bitter barrage of newspaper criticism as Kennelly went down in the primary and as Daley went on to battle the GOP's Merriam for mayor. The Chicago *Sun-Times* printed phone numbers purporting to "link" Dawson with mobsters; the Chicago Crime Commission charged that Dawson had admitted accepting money from gamblers some years earlier for political purposes (Dawson asked why it hadn't made the charges public earlier, when he had supported Kennelly.) The Chicago *Tribune* thunderingly asked, day after day, whether Dawson had actually received a law degree or merely attended law school. Editorial guns blazed in connection with the policy racket in the Negro neighborhoods.

But Dawson took the heat coolly. To the men and women of an oft-whipped race, he cried: "I am the whipping boy!" Forgotten in the campaign heat by everyone was the fact that Dawson's political allies, white and black, had not distinguished themselves in the fight for housing, civil rights, equal job opportunities—indeed, had been on the other side of the floor. As the din increased over policy, mobsters, and whether or not Dawson had a law degree, so did the number of Negro voters who firmly resolved to vote—Democratic. For sin is no issue when daily the walls are tumbling down in slum flats, when each winter rat-trap buildings—and their crowded, gouged renters—are consumed in flames, when stones, rioters and timid public officials keep the Negro consigned to his ghetto. And the tired, hackneyed "crusade" against Negro "sin" means nothing in the Dawson wards except a smoldering antagonism over the white sin. The whole issue is then reduced to a white man-black man contest.

As long as the opposition—and the newspapers—use this approach, Dawson will stay in power. His is a tight, well-knit political organization not concerned with moral uplift, but instead gives jobs to people, slashes the Gordian knots of bureaucracy at all government levels, or helps get the after-hours saloon out of a scrape with the local police captain. Certainly Dawson draws his power from the Negro ghetto, but whether he favors keeping the Negro wards Negro is not a question he need answer. Negro move-ins into white neighborhoods are still ventures for only the courageous few, and as the new Negro migrants pour in from the South they settle in the ghetto as did those before them.

The emphasis for years—right through the years of the New Deal—has largely been on concrete economic and social benefits rather than political "equality" which superficially, at least, seems assured. Voting for a man or a party who adheres to fine sentiments on civil rights is a political luxury; voting for a man whose power is useful for bread and butter advantages is a necessity.

So Dawson felt free to follow a placating course on the civil-rights issue in Chicago. As a member of the platform committee, he sat next to the chairman, John W. McCormack of Massachussetts. Not once did he challenge, as other Negro delegates did, the blatantly anti-Negro and anti-democratic statements of the more voluble firebrands of the South. He was a member of the seventeen-man platform subcommittee which met in secret session for three days. This was the group which put the finishing touches to the plank which eventually emerged — the plank which both North and South "could live with." The convention ratified the plank in fifteen minutes — and Dawson received his share of the plaudits from the men assembled, including the Southerners.

A reporter, referring to some of the firebrand statements that had been made in the closed sessions of the platform subcommittee, asked Dawson who would "extinguish the racial flames" that had been lit. Dawson's reply was, "Who will extinguish the flames lit on the other side?" He was referring to the statements of the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., leader of the Montgomery bus boycott, Roy Wilkins of the NAACP and others who had asked, in essence, that the Democratic Party recognize Negroes as members of the human race and the Supreme Court's decisions as the law of the land.

DAWSON has attracted to his organization, or to its support, some of the "bright young men" of Chicago Negro life. They possess skill, education, background and the firm belief that only through the regular party system will the Negro progress. They reject the argument that neither party can effectively serve them—and Dawson's fight against the Powell amendment is

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accepted even as is a Senator Eastland. One of Dawson's supporters, a brilliant attorney who has served as a state assistant attorney general, explains his loyalty: "I have never seen a political decision that Dawson made that he did not regard as in the *political* interest of American Negroes. And no politician who can't carry an election is worth a hill of beans. In dealing with problems there is never a 'correct' solution, only a series of alternatives. And these alternatives have produced considerable results for the Negro that other tactics would not have produced." Another young attorney says candidly: "I am behind Dawson because he's a boss and he's a black man. I recognize he's got faults and he's got points. What is thoroughly lacking here—outside of Dawson—is someone who can lead the Negro people."

What of the future? Dawson's control seems assured, despite grumbling in organization ranks. Doorbell ringers have noted that Negroes have been rewarded with few choice appointments in the City Hall. A Commissioner of Investigation and members of the Public Buildings Commission were named without a Negro candidate being publicly mentioned as a possibility for the jobs. But none of Dawson's lieutenants is in a mood to revolt. Two subordinates who tried to challenge him in recent years were dumped and defeated.

The argument that Illinois can't be carried unless Cook county is won and that no man can be victorious in the county against Dawson is much too glib. And here is where the threat to Dawson may lie: for the first time in thirty years, Cook is a "break even" county, party-wise. The Democrats cannot safely assume victory large enough to offset downstate GOP ballots. Today, clearly, the Cook County Democratic Party is not fighting for President; it is fighting to stay in power at the county level. One in four county votes is now a suburban vote, thanks to a shift of some 300,000 voters from the city. And the suburbs, returning heavy GOP majorities, still outnumber the gain in Chicago's Negro vote. It is true that today's suburban Republican may not be as dependable on a wet Election Day as an organization Democrat, nor may he be as one-party minded. The new breed is a young man with a mortgage and two children; any number of reasons, including a turndown in the economy, may send him across party columns. But so far it is the Republican Party, not the Democratic, which is winning the new suburban vote.

There are some other unknown factors. Dawson's men are each capable, energetic, ambitious. When the mantle slips from "The Man," as Dawson is known with fear and admiration, there might well emerge an internecine battle and a dilution of bloc power. More important, a new Negro voter has arisen as a result of educational, economic and social progress. These are school teachers, doctors, lawyers, artisans, civil servants and others who can now afford the "luxury" of voting on a candidate's stand, or lack of one, on an ideological issue. To them Eastland of Mississippi is a symbol, and the failure of either Dawson or the Democratic Party to disavow him is another. They are dissatisfied with Dawson mellowness as expressed in his opposition to the Powell amendment and are intolerant of his "I'm for civil rights but I recognize we have to deal with people." The Chicago *Defender*, a leading American Negro daily, which has supported "The Man," had harsh words for Dawson during the fight on the Powell measure.

Perhaps the Dawson forces are recognizing some of the ferment. Shortly before the Democratic convention a meeting of some seventy-five Negro leaders was held in Chicago to draft suggestions for a civil-rights plank. Thirty of them were Democratic alternates and delegates, the first time delegates of a major party had taken such a step. Dawson and three of his chiefs attended; one of them, Alderman Ralph H. Metcalfe, the former U. S. Olympic star, was chairman. Perhaps the meeting was a recognition that no matter what the party *says* about civil rights, it is time to admit that the spirit of Montgomery and Tallahassee is among the people; and the people might conceivably for once be ahead of "The Man" in November.

Too Much Milk . . By J. V. HOPKINS

Madison, Wisconsin

WISCONSIN'S dairy farms are undergoing a quiet technological revolution which threatens new headaches for government economists and, some observers say, dramatizes the need for new ways of thinking about the problem of agricultural surpluses.

Dairy farmers are johnny-come-latelies in the area of technological progress. Dairy farming generally has not adapted itself to mechanical inventiveness. And whatever the conveniences of milking machines and cream separators, they have not substantially increased milk production. Dairymen have long known, of course, that startling increases in milk production can be had for the asking—and for the spending. Improved fertilizers, new feeds and feeding techniques, more scientific methods of herd management, opportunities in artificial insemination and controlled breeding, new ways to fight herd disease: all of these produce better cows and more milk.

But economic facts dictate caution in the use of higher milk-production techniques. Dairy men face a relatively inflexible consumption of milk, butter, cheese and other milk products. And without the higher prices that a lively consumer demand could guarantee and justify, the increased cost of scientific dairy farming would be without profits to the farmer.

This has been the situation for

J. V. HOPKINS, a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, has written on labor and politics in that state.

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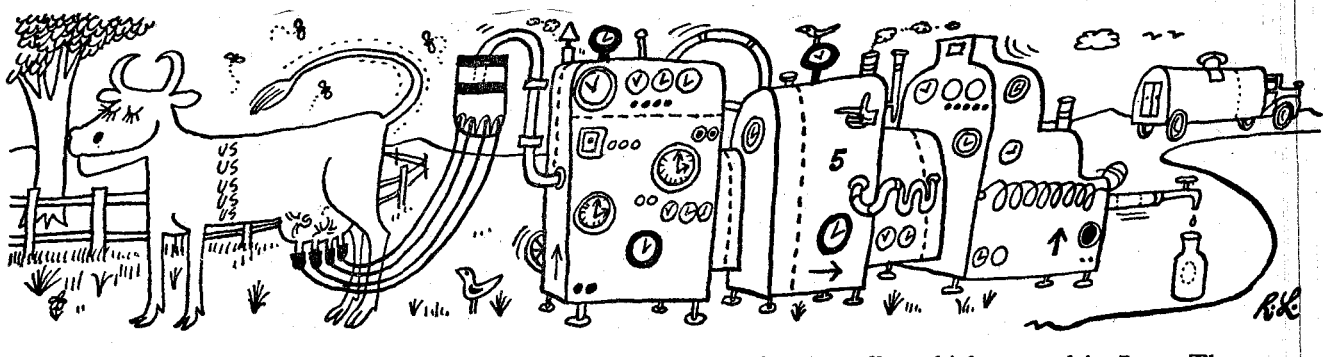

ten years and more. At the same time, production advances reported by the dairy industry, outstripping the national population increase, have hinted at an astonishing potential. The U.S. agricultural-marketing service reports that average total milk production on dairy farms in the years 1951-1955 was 1 per cent higher than during 1941-1945—certainly not a startling statistic. What *is* startling is that this milk is being produced by 14 per cent fewer cows providing 18 per cent more milk. And the herds are grazing on fewer and fewer farms: less than three million in 1954 against 1941's nearly five million.

The likelihood that this productive potential will soon become actuality can be traced largely to the introduction of bulk-milk handling. Swiftly and without fanfare, Wisconsin farmers and milk processors are abandoning cumbersome milk cans with their cold water tanks and mechanical coolers in a changeover that will cost the Wisconsin industry an estimated $170,000,000 when it is completed. Under this system, cows are milked mechanically and the milk is piped into a bulk-milk tank. The tank resembles a home electric refrigerator, built horizontally rather than upright, with a paddle agitator to stir the cold milk. The milk then is taken to the processor in a "thermos-bottle" truck.

Already dominating the Chicago, Milwaukee and Madison milk markets, this bulk-milk tank and tank-truck system is reaching out to the dairy processing plants with cheese factories, creameries and condensery plants moving as fast as they can to install the new equipment.

The system is costly. The price tag on a tank runs from $2,000 to $3,000—a big investment for a small farmer who has just finished installing equipment, already obsolete, designed to meet Wisconsin sanitary standards.

"The bulk tank is something like the tractor when it first came on the market," says Everet Wallenfeldt, University of Wisconsin dairy specialist. "I was teaching vocational agriculture at the time. You could prove that the average farmer could do his field work cheaper with horses. But look what happened. Now the day of the bulk-milk tank is here, nothing will stop it."

Surveys indicate Wallenfeldt to be right. In March, 1955, the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture reported only 1,113 bulk tanks being used. But by last February, the number was up to 3,500. Now 110 plants in the state and thirteen out-of-state dealers buying Wisconsin milk have more than 5,000 bulk tanks in operation.

THERE is good reason for the bulk tank's success, as dairy specialists are ready to admit. Very real pressures are being exerted upon the dairy farmer by the big milk processors who are finding the bulk-tank system indispensable to large-scale reorganization and modernization of their plants. Stiffer sanitary standards imposed by the federal government simply cannot be met when canned milk arrives at the plant inadequately cooled and with a high degree of bacteria development. Moreover, receiving rooms for milk in the cumbersome, old style cans are expensive to operate—an expense made unnecessary by the bulk tanks.

Typical of technological improvements being made by dairy processors is the new, $2 million Luick Dairy Company plant in Milwaukee which opened in June. The company forwarded this ultimatum to the farmers along its purchasing routes: by July 1, receipts of canned milk would end and those without bulk-milk tanks would be dropped from the market. It is reported that the company offered its suppliers a premium over the regular market price for bulk milk. This means an extra 15 to 25 cents above the nearly $4 a hundred pounds paid to farmers in the Madison and Milwaukee areas.

Despite the action of the Luick Company and others like it, dairy men have been left an element of choice. There are still many small dairy plants unable to undertake the costly conversion to bulk-milk processing and these will continue to buy milk in cans. Nevertheless, when farmers get together to talk over their plans (conversion is not an individual decision; it involves an entire route in most cases), the bulk tank finds many adherents. Governmental sanitary standards have been passed on to the farmer by his processor. This means he has to have equipment capable of cooling milk down to fifty degrees Fahrenheit and holding it there. You cannot do this with old cold-water methods and even the newer mechanical coolers are not altogether satisfactory with milk in cans. But bulk tanks can pull fresh milk down to thirty-six degrees in a matter of minutes and keep it at a constant temperature.

A second black mark against milk cans is that it's just plain hard work to wrestle them around a milk-shed. And third, better refrigeration reduces losses of milk through spoilage. In the end, of course, there is no denying that the conversion of processors and the small premium payments do much to nudge an un-

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decided farmer into investing $2,000 in a bulk tank.

For most Wisconsin dairy farmers, however, conversion to bulk storage is a costly investment. A farmer with fifty acres and fifteen milk cows rarely sees a net annual income higher than $1,800, little more than the cost of the new bulk equipment for his herd. The cost falls hardest of all on the 20 per cent of Wisconsin's dairy farmers who have less than ten cows in their herds.

In the northern part of the state where smaller dairy processors are expected to continue milk-can operations for some time, the ten-cow herd may survive several years. But in other areas the small dairy farmer can either convert to bulk tanks and work for miraculous increases in production or—and this is more likely—leave the dairy business altogether. This is often not as harsh a step as it may seem. Many of these are only part-time dairy farms with fallow croplands which can take up some of the slack.

AT THE other end, the giant factory farms are seeing an almost painless transformation. For many, the bulk tank is indispensable to their stainless-steel-and-glass operations. And for a large producer, the savings in labor and milk loss plus the premium payments soon pay off the investment. This is generally true for the dairy farms milking more than twenty cows, which constitute 34 per cent of the Wisconsin total.

For both these groups, total milk production should remain relatively unchanged. The small farmers account for less than 10 per cent of the state's milk production and those producers who abandon production will see their efforts made up for by those who remain and raise production.

Significant changes, however, should occur among the 46 per cent of Wisconsin farmers—the "family farms" that herd between ten and twenty cows and account for more than half of the state's milk production. These farms are large enough for the bulk-tank conversion to be a real possibility, but they are too small to find bulk handing profitable without the guarantees of continuing and generous premium payments. There is one way out of this dilemma: increase herd size and milk production.

There is unquestionable evidence that many farmers are turning to this double investment—one for the bulk tank and another for more cows and better milk-production techniques. With bulk-tank installations doubling every six months, researchers at the University of Wisconsin's Agriculture College asked 1,300 representative farmers about their production plans next year. Eighty-eight of every hundred said they intended to produce as much milk or more than they did this year. How are they going to do it? With more cows, better and heavier feeding, stricter herd management. Milk production is already on the rise. For the early months of 1956 it was 6 per cent higher nationally than for the same period a year ago; Wisconsin's production is 8 to 9 per cent higher.

Raymond J. Penn of the University of Wisconsin's Agricultural College, sees it this way: The overall demand for agricultural products cannot be increased much faster than the population (though there is some flexibility because patterns of consumption change). Rising purchasing power and a growing awareness of nutritional needs on the part of the consumer tend to absorb any expansion of livestock production. Concurrently, however, the consumption of wheat and corn diminishes, threatening new surpluses in these commodities.

In past years, about 10 per cent of the total dairy production has been in excess of consumer demand. The Department of Agriculture carried on a purchasing program, similar to grain purchases, designed to take surplus production from the market and to guarantee the farmer a "fair price" (variously set by parity policies). In the dairy markets, however, purchasing has necessarily been confined to the relatively storable products: butter and cheese.

There is only one catch to this approach: what do you do with the government stockpiles? This problem has never really forced itself on agricultural planners, Penn suggests, because the intervention of World War II and the Korean action offered opportunities—some financially profitable—to disburse the massive government-owned food stocks. But the surpluses continue. They cannot be taken from the market and forgotten as long as production stays ahead of demand.

Another method of whittling down surpluses is that of the "soil bank" which was included in the farm bill made law earlier this year. But to think that the removal of acreage—or even cows—from production will correspondingly reduce the harvest is to be shortsighted in the face of improved production techniques. For the lesson of the changing dairy industry is not only that production is staying ahead of consumption but that the gap between the two is widening as new farming techniques are brought into use. Thus we face a potential permanent surplus. Clearly a new way of attacking the problem must be devised—one not in terms of the giant factory farms, which are better able to cope with the vagaries of over-production and marketing, but in terms of the small farmer whose survival now appears to depend on higher production.

This solution, according to Penn, should take the surplus problem to its point of origin: the farmer. Production quotas would be set in pounds of milk (or bushels of wheat) for each farm and the program would include direct incentive payments graduated to favor the smaller farmers who maintain production well below the quota. "The farmer could then determine," Penn explains, "the easiest or lowest cost way of meeting his production target." He argues that this would put the premium on careful farming rather than on land ownership, as in the soil bank.

A program of this sort would serve a double end. Surpluses would be stopped before they reach the market. But just as important, strict production quotas, by encouraging careful farm management, would nevertheless protect a potential agricultural capacity which, until technology manages to eliminate droughts and world famines, must be safeguarded.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Art of Bertolt Brecht

Bertolt Brecht, German playwright who died a fortnight ago, was generally acclaimed the most original, and by many critics the most powerful, of contemporary dramatists. His Threepenny Opera*—music by Kurt Weill—is now playing at the Theatre de Lys, off-Broadway in New York.*

The author of the following appreciation of Brecht's legacy to the theatre is a noted British drama critic.

By Henry Adler

DURING the days of the Weimar Republic, Bertolt Brecht and Erwin Piscator lacked the money to stage one of their Socialist propaganda plays at their Berlin theatre. Instead, the actors gave a play-reading. Sitting at a table on the bare stage, they perfunctorily read their lines, sometimes making a gesture, sometimes rising to indicate a move. But, although the actors made no pretense of being "in character," as we say, the audience were more completely held than by the plays which attempted full theatrical illusion. Suddenly Brecht saw that what held them was not character, not illusion, but the moral relationship between the characters, the moral argument of the play. The actor was quoting the words, imitating the actions; he was estranged from the character. The moral conflict was seen isolated, at a distance, as history. This is the effect of "estrangement," of "alienation," which was Brecht's particular contribution to the theatre. He called it the *Verfremdungseffekt.*

THIS IS not altogether new. Two hundred years ago Diderot was propounding the same principles, and indeed Brecht formed a society which he called the Diderot Society. Diderot urged that the actor must not be lost in his part but detached from it. He quotes with approval the case of an actor in a dying scene who was so much in control of himself that he could arrange the position of a chair without losing his effect on the audience. In the same way, Brecht pointed to the Chinese actor who, in his opinion, does not enter into his part but demonstrates it, who looks at the audience as though saying: "Doesn't it happen like this?"

The actor in Brecht's own company is estranged from his part. He relates what the character said, describes what he did, with a kind of deliberation as though he realizes that the character could have acted or spoken otherwise—and yet did not. As a Marxist, Brecht was aware that every action has its alternative, that history depends on the correct choice of action. That is why he divided his play, *Mother Courage,* into short scenes, each of which is a stage in her life. There is no cli-

Bertolt Brecht

Drawing by Vicky

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max. Each stage is determined by the previous stage, just as it determines the next stage; we know from the start that her degradation is inevitable. She stands monumental in her rags against the gaunt, hooded *doppelgänger,* her wagon which is her means to livelihood. The huge, bare stage is her lifetime, the battlefields she treks through, the years she lives through, as she turns and turns about. She is doomed because, as Brecht says over and over again, an individual cannot be good in an evil society. The war which gives her a living destroys her children. But she is too degraded to understand how it all happened. She is inside the war, we are outside, estranged, listening to her story. Therefore there is no catharsis of pity and indignation, no empathy. She goes off singing harshly the same hopeful song with which the play began, and, in case this sounds plaintive, Brecht cuts across it with some jeering military music.

BRECHT'S theatre is thus like an operating theatre. The human beings are exposed on that stage, beneath the white light poured down from a battery of lamps which are clearly visible and create no illusion. We watch it, not enthralled by illusion but, in Brecht's own words, like a man smoking, so that sometimes, despite our detachment, we may give an angry laugh or a grunt of recognition at the incontrovertible truth of what we see. You are not made to forget that you are in a theatre but reminded of it. With a kind of preternatural clarity the actors are revealed, pathetic as animals blinking in the headlamps, caught at a moment of history.

Estrangement—the *Verfremdungseffekt*—is also the keyword in Brecht's theory of "epic drama." Epic drama, so-called, was not new in Germany at that time, but Brecht introduced into it a more personal note. He combined with his Marxism a belief in the individual, a strange awareness of the power of the irrational moral choice. He has proclaimed his admiration for Brueghel and I believe that it is not only the big, group paintings which attracted him, but the more subtle "Fall of Icarus." In this picture the ploughman in the foreground goes on unconcernedly with his ploughing, the shepherd stolidly watches his sheep: no one notices the catastrophe taking place in the distance over the sea. Far away, the tremendous event makes its tiny splash. So, throughout his plays, Brecht was trying to isolate the inconspicuous moral drama, to estrange it, to set it in a sharp light, so that it is not taken for granted before it falls, dragged down by the weight of society. His own analogy for what he meant by estrangement is a watch. A watch is a familiar object. But, he says, take it apart, and all the pieces seem strange and small: they are unfamiliar in their estrangement from the functioning timepiece, almost irreconcilable with it. There is the same sort of strangeness, of irreconcilability, about an individual who is naturally good in a society which is evil. To understand, we must watch his path through society. We must stand at a distance and judge him; we are powerless to help him but we can recognize where he goes wrong.

Therefore, the theatre must change. We must achieve a new classicism. No longer the Greek hero doomed by an enigmatic Fate; no longer the Shakespearean hero isolated in his conflict with right and wrong; and no longer Stanislavsky's theories of empathy, nor the Chekhov play with its illusion of shared emotions and its inconclusiveness. Not fate, but human intelligence. Not individual isolation but the individual in terms of society. Not the rapid tying up of a problem through climax and dénouement but the working out of a moral relationship between an individual life and the world. Above all, not intimacy with the character but a distance from which the audience can judge. But we shall have to remember that when Brecht said we must judge, he did not mean that we must consider the facts objectively, as Zola and the social realists do, but judge from the standpoint of the Marxist faith to which he was committed. That is why, although the method produces exciting drama, you realize afterwards that the issues of the play are rigged, that everything that happens to Mother Courage is an illustration of Marxian economics and that the play which pretends to judgment is animated by a veiled didacticism.

Indeed, Brecht called some of his plays "parables." At the beginning of *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk* we see two groups of shabbily dressed people squabbling almost inaudibly. They are members of two Russian communes disputing the ownership of a farm. Which group has the most right to it? The group which reared goats on it until ordered to leave before the invading Nazis, or the group which later took it over and made it agriculturally prosperous? To interpret the ethics involved, a story-teller sits at the side of the stage, and as he reads the old legend of "The Caucasian Circle of Chalk" it comes to life on the stage. Sketched on the backcloth are the pyramids of oriental hovels. On the stage a baroque arch. The little world lives before you although you know it is dead. There is a squalid little revolution going on, in which the governor gets deposed. You watch it as though through the wrong end of a telescope. The characters are wearing wooden masks and their naive, painted expressions emphasize their distance away in history. The sensitive, sweet, silly face of the governor looks out unseeingly at the twentieth-century audience on this fine summer's day, when he is being led in cords to sudden death. The face of his consort is haughty and wooden as she flees; she saves her dresses and deserts her child.

BUT GRUSHA, the girl who saves the child, is a peasant and therefore does not wear a mask but shows us her nice, healthy, wholesome, human face. She is brought to trial for protecting the aristocratic child. But now Asdak, the leader of the chorus who has been commenting on the play steps into it, as so often happens in Chinese morality plays. He is head as Grusha is heart. He has suddenly become a judge in the topsy-turvy world of revolution. He sees that in a crooked world the good-hearted must use their wits and rise so that legalized injustice may be

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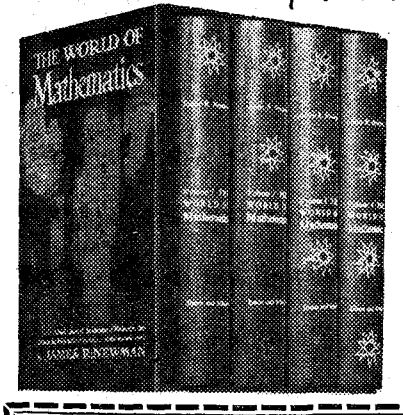

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replaced by illegal justice. When the governor's wife seeks to reclaim her child, he submits the two women to the test of the Chalk Circle. The child is put in the center of it. Which woman can pull him out of it? Grusha gives up from fear of hurting him, and Asdak awards the child to her because her love is the greater. The moral, according to the epilogue, is that fields belong to those who look after them best, which apparently refers to Grusha and peasants who do not wear masks.

Shaw once claimed that Bunyan was a greater poet than Shakespeare because Bunyan possessed a moral background which gave him a hard, spare, moral vocabulary, which Shakespeare, the word-spinner, lacked. But the fact remains that the vast and untidy characters which Shakespeare gave flesh and blood to had a unity in their diversity. We can see a moral meaning in their apparently formless experience. Even Shaw in his didacticism recognized that there are many approaches to the truth. But Shaw was capable of seeing both sides of a question. Compare the appalling intellectual naiveté with which Brecht presents the story of Galileo as a simple conflict between scientific enlightenment and obscurantism with Shaw's preface to *Saint Joan* and you can see the difference between a rationalist hidebound by dogma and a first-class, independent intellect. It is because Brecht's new classicism is unilinear, Marxist, external in approach, that it can depict with such beautiful precision the estrangement between the unity of the individual and the diversity of the world—but also that it lacks the complex human reality which arises from the individual himself.

Requiem

Run to her foliage arms
Sprung from the frozen fire;
Read her firmament eyes
Hung with the blazing stars;
Hear her precipice voice
Tongued in the crushing echoes
Of silence.

Rest on her bony breast.
Sleep; sleep.
Unfold.

ROSE HIRSHMAN

Third Reich

DICTATORS FACE TO FACE. By Dino Alfieri. Translated by David Moore. New York University Press. $4.95.

RACE AND REICH. The Story of an Epoch. By Joseph Tenenbaum. Twayne. $7.50.

20 JULY. By Constantine FitzGibbon. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.75.

By Frederick L. Schuman

IL DUCE'S Ambassador to *Der Fuehrer,* 1939-1943, was sentenced to death by Mussolini, escaped, and was exonerated in 1946 by the Italian court established to try leading members of the Fascist regime. His memoirs of his mission are refreshingly free from self-justification and from speculation about events in which he was not a direct participant. They throw new light on German-Italian relations during the years of folly, though Alfieri knew no more than German diplomats about the major decisions of the Nazi leaders. "I can state positively that the Axis never functioned, or that if it functioned it did so only at the expense of Italy." He proves his point. His final chapter is one of the fullest accounts available of the Fascist Grand Council meeting at which Mussolini was ousted in the wake of the disaster into which his alliance with Hitler had plunged his country.

The politics of nihilism evolved into the science of mass murder once the *Wehrmacht* had millions of "inferior" peoples at its mercy. Joseph Tenenbaum, distinguished Polish-Jewish writer, here retells in grim detail the horror of the systematic extermination of Jews, gypsies and Slavs—from the origins of the racial myth to the career of Rudolph Hoess, commander of Auschwitz, "who killed more people than any man in history," and to Hitler's last testament. This meticulously documented and vastly informative study of ghastly and incredible criminality deserves wide reading—lest we forget what our new allies were doing a dozen years ago.

A few Germans with influence and access to the master megalomaniac tried, too late, to save the Reich, not out of sympathy for Hitler's victims but out of certainty that his policies spelled national ruin. These were the Junkers and professional soldiers—Stauffenberg, Beck, Witzleben, Olbricht, Rommel, Hoepner and the rest—who long plotted *Der Fuehrer's* liquidation, who almost succeeded on July 20, 1944, and who were shot or hanged for their pains. Constantine Fitz-Gibbon, a talented Anglo-American novelist, has retold this tale on the basis of exhaustive research in Germany and with full documentation not elsewhere available. His absorbing story has no moral save that some Germans, without ideology or party or cause, could yet "act like men" and risk their lives for a purpose alien to the Nazi *Weltanschauung.* They scarcely acted "out of conscience," as Fitz-Gibbon would have it. Whatever honor is due these few makes deeper the shame of all the rest.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, professor of government at Williams College, is author of International Politics, The Commonwealth of Man, Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad *and other books on current world affairs.*

Japanese Idyll

THE SOUND OF WAVES. By Yukio Mishima. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

By Kenneth Rexroth

SEVERAL American publishers, especially, I understand, Knopf, plan to issue quite a few modern Japanese novels in the next couple of years. Experts have been asked advice, translators have been set to work. *The Sound of Waves* is one of the first fruits of this program. It is hard to say if it was a good choice. The jacket blurb compares it to *Daphnis and Chloe.* It does resemble a Greek peasant's or fisher's idyll—but then, as has been pointed out so often, the typical Western thriller meets all of Aristotle's tragic desiderata—as Euripedes, for instance, does not. It is a question of what you want in an archetypical sort of story—the farewell of Launcelot and Guinevere can be made pretty trivial and still stick close to the plot. It is

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not just style—or at least it is style as the reverberation of hidden depth.

Yukio Mishima is an inordinately busy young writer—born in 1925, he has published eight novels, four Kabuki plays, a travel book, fifty short stories, ten one-act plays and several volumes of essays. Well, there's just one *Daphnis and Chloe* and not very many *Idylls* of Theocritus. I am afraid to disagree with the considered judgment of my peers. Yukio Mishima was "the guest of the State Department and the *Partisan Review*," which should really pin down the opposition at both ends, but *The Sound of Waves* reads like a piece of routine commercial fiction to me. It does have the sound of waves of a small Japanese fishing village, a sense of the life of the men who fish and the women who (as in Utamaro's famous prints) dive for abalones, and a sympathy for very young and simple love—all very admirable qualities which go to produce an entertaining story on a level, I should say, slightly below much American magazine fiction. I doubt if Knopf will lose money—the book is not a mistake in that sense. But I do hope they come up again with something a little more substantial.

KENNETH REXROTH, author of many books of poetry, will bring out this year translations of Japanese, Chinese, Greek and French poems.

Not Too Welsh To Write

A MAN'S ESTATE. By Emyr Humphreys. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.75.

By Stanley Cooperman

FOR MANY YEARS Irish writers were expected to sing sweetly regardless of the medium they chose. Yeats wandered in Celtic mist until the mist itself sickened him and he turned to more difficult and less musical verse; even realists like O'Casey and O'Connor have had to buck the verbal auto-intoxication that audiences demand from Irish writers. The problem, however, is no longer exclusively Irish; since Dylan Thomas made the literary world aware of Welsh rhetoric, the Welshman who writes fiction or poetry is all too often expected to be musical if nothing else. One can meet enthusiasts everywhere from the Bronx to Los Angeles who read Welsh writers aloud, with a great rolling emphasis, amid talk of "national genius."

Emyr Humphreys, author of *A Man's Estate,* is a novelist first and a Welshman second, for which his readers can be profoundly thankful. His book, set in a small Welsh town and large estate, is an examination of human beings within a closed but changing social framework. It is, essentially, the story of an old and important family whose property evolves upon a prosaic scientist son and a sickly, romantic spinster daughter, and conveys a sense of decay, of an end to a tradition.

Mr. Humphreys' book, as a provincial novel, bears considerable resemblance to the work of William Faulkner. The children, for example, are either sensual and doomed, sensitive and impotent, or healthy and materialist. The older people are mummified eccentrics burdened by the corruption of past sin which finally results in madness. Philip, the older son in Mr. Humphreys' book, like Faulkner's Jason, is alienated from his family, interested in the estate only for the cash it might bring. Like Jason also, Philip is misanthropic, although possessed of a more acrid wit. He described his prospective father-in-law's speech as a "sanctimonious bleat that issues like an endless toilet roll from his letter box mouth."

Structually, too, *A Man's Estate* has overtones of Faulkner. The novel develops through four separate narratives and four interlocking points of view, each spoken directly in the first person. While Mr. Humphreys does make some effort to vary the quality of the narrative according to the speaker involved, he fails to achieve the objectivity demanded by his method. The result, as in the earliest attempts to create interior monologue, is a distracting series of omniscient comments imbedded within subjective narrative, so that the book is without the free-

STANLEY COOPERMAN is a member of the Department of English at Indiana University and associate editor of Folio.

The Failure of the Mask

given some fifty centuries
at the art

and more dead than days
in the fifty centuries

nevertheless the violence remains
in the silence of their faces

these are violent faces
death's many faces

silence breeding violence
violence breaking the mask

and death stepping from the mask
death beyond any embalmer's art

certifying human failure
at inhuman art

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dom of one method and the spontaniety of the other. Mr. Humphreys' lapses in craft, however, are at worst minor irritations; his novel is an incisive and honest analysis of human pressures in a too frequently romanticized area.

Art in Science

COMMUNITY BUILDING: Science, Technique, Art. By Carol Aronovici. Doubleday & Co. $7.50.

THE CORE OF THE CITY. By John Rannells. Columbia University Press. $5.50.

By Albert Guerard

IN SAN FRANCISCO, the Blyth-Zellerbach Committee of Business Men is attempting to block a double-decked freeway along the Embarcadero for esthetic and historical reasons. This is quite in harmony with Aronovici's essential message: city planning is science, technique, but also art. In most cities of the Old World, in many cities of the New, it is also history. We must meet the practical needs of the present: but tradition is a cherished fact and beauty is an asset. There is more to a city than a "machine for living." In many keys, Geddes, Mumford, Hegemann, Saarinen, Tunnard and even Le Corbusier—with all his crotchets—have preached the same humanistic gospel. Aronovici's merit is to give a masterly, if somewhat austere, synopsis of a very complex discipline. This book will provide an invaluable guide, not for the professional merely, but even more for the serious, civic-minded layman.

John Rannells' book is of narrower scope and more severely technical in treatment. It is a highly technical study of changing land uses in central business districts. The conclusions may seem a trifle slim and vague compared with the elaborateness of the statistical apparatus. But the study is not complete in itself: it is meant to be part of a larger survey. It is a tool rather than a finished report. The topical example selected is Central Philadelphia.

ALBERT GUERARD, professor emeritus of comparative literature at Stanford University, has maintained a lifetime interest in city planning.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

CONVENTION-viewing proved such a bore that Madison Avenue is wondering whether the campaign to come can salvage any part of the $17,000,000 sponsors and networks have invested in this year's national elections. TV experts agree that it will take a lot of fast doing to recapture audience interest. It is their belief that only a tempting schedule of super-spectacular entertainment, in which long-winded political palaver will play little or no part, will be able to rouse the drooping eyelid and nodding head.

The months of planning, the electronic wizardry, the most expert newscasters were unable to prevent the thunderous thuds beamed from Chicago and San Francisco. In my own examination of what happened, one thing became clear: where there is no story, there is no interest. There was only a skimpy story from the Democratic convention, none worthy of the name from the Republican. Desperate efforts to camouflage the lack served only to make it more obvious; viewers were tossed back and forth between exhausted newsmen trying to discuss nonexistent issues with anyone they could collar (including each other) and views of Chicago and San Francisco streets. I was often reminded of the sign at the food concession in Chicago: *Affy Tapples—15c.* Affy Tapples it was—devoid of the pungency of the real thing, coated with syrupy illusion.

One disgruntled viewer deserted a roomful of dozing patriots and went out to buy the early editions; he wanted his news the old-fashioned way. Here is another clue. Perhaps the only possible life-saver for the no-story dilemma to which TV found itself committed would have been the use of brisk and untrammelled comment, such as can sometimes be found in the printed page. A sizable tempest was stirred up by the CBS bluepencilling of *The Pursuit of Happiness* film from the Democratic keynote address. CBS president Frank Stanton replied to Paul Butler's public reproof by pointing up the freedom of the press issue involved: ". . . Those who make the news cannot, in a free society, dictate to broadcasters . . . to what extent, where, and how they shall cover the news. [We] are not mere conduits which must carry every-

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As the children play at the edge of the sea;
As the osprey cries over the headland,

Love seems significant. The light of the eye,
The truth of the white hand, seem magnificent.
Any order seems good. All
The battling makeshifts win a token.

There is a reverential attitude
Inarticulate for those unfrenzied.
A light breeze and a delicate cloud
Are glories of the summer universe.

RICHARD EBERHART

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thing the newsmaker demands. On the contrary, we insist most vigorously that we are, and must remain, free to exercise our news judgment." Bravely said. Braver still would have been some truly free-wheeling opinions expressed by such electronic journalists as Edward R. Murrow, Eric Sevareid, Quincy Howe, the brilliant young NBC team of Huntley and Brinkley. The few times that opinion slipped into their too often sterile commentary proved refreshing and interesting. In the main, however, they came close to being the "mere conduits" which Dr. Stanton rejected.

Another big question: should conventions be made good TV fare by being produced, like any major TV enterprise, by professionals or should the producers follow the politicians, merely editing their antics into an acceptable format? One thing is certain: as things stand now, something will have to give. The spectacle, unadorned, is a sorry sight and makes for sore eyes.

TO BE sure, some good things came out of the morass: the intimacy and trust developed among millions for the three sturdy anchor men—John Daly, Walter Cronkite and Chet Huntley—is a plus; the trio has been deluged with letters suggesting vacation spots, tranquilizing pills, rest cures and appreciation for their steadfast guidance. Another value was the opportunity to accustom the eye to new screen techniques; retinas of the future may well be in three rectangles, or the keyhole pattern, or the triangle-type insertion. I liked some of the gimmicks, too: the podium equipped with an elevator to adjust every speaker's height to average; the built-in air conditioner which kept orators from perspiring under the hot glare of the lights; NBC's lip reader, who made doubly sure that no one could exchange secrets (as though the army of mobile cameras and mikes were not enough).

I did enjoy the very few unguarded moments: a CBS reporter interviewing, one hand holding out the microphone and the other holding back an ABC rival; the tragedy in Bess Truman's face as she watched her husband's political somersault; the open mike which passed along Chet Huntley's plea for black coffee during the Ike demonstration; Harriman, alone in a box, engrossed in the thoughts of a defeated candidate; the tangle of wires in a hotel corridor—"Godammit, watch that cable!"—and then the hurried gasp ". . . And now back to Walter Cronkite."

It has been said that whichever party has the most money to buy TV time during the campaign will be assured of victory. The lesson of the convention makes this an open question. To make TV effective as a campaign tool, it will have to be used with skill and showmanship, imagination and flexibility. It must be as intimate as the discarded whistle-stop tour, as warm as the handshake, as compelling as the local rally. It must command attention, compete with entertainment available at the twisting of a knob. The convention fiasco at least contributed the knell of the lengthy political speech on TV and the beginning of what will have to be some pretty effective and tough-minded thinking on how to make politics palatable and effective on the home screen.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE RCA LC-1A speaker I used for several years produced the truest, most agreeable violin sounds (my test for highs) that I had heard. Or rather it produced them from good recordings: after much testing and checking I reached the conclusion that the lustreless, edged, harsh string sounds from many London records represented distorting resonances and peaks in the range above 10,000 cycles as it was recorded by London. But recently I installed a combination of two Bozak low-frequency speakers (woofers) and the new Janszen electrostatic high-frequency speaker (tweeter); and switching back and forth between this system and the LC-1A I was amazed by the new purity of the violin sounds from the good recordings as they came from the Janszen-Bozak system, and by the lessening —in some instances to the point of disappearance—of the defects of the string sounds from the London recordings. The Janszen, with its complete freedom from distorting peaks, revealed the fact that the response of the LC-1A included such peaks, which did no disturbing damage to the sound from the good recordings, but intensified the distorting peaks in the sound from the London recordings.

When the Janszen doesn't eliminate the edged or harsh quality from the London sound entirely, it must be eliminated by a steep roll-off above 10,000 cycles. This is the one thing the superb McIntosh C-8 preamplifier doesn't provide; and it is something the Bogen PR-100-A preamplifier does offer. It also offers greater gain than the C-8, which has a use I will speak of in a moment.

With these I have tried the new Fairchild 225 cartridge. A year ago it was astonishing to hear the Fairchild 220 produce even more of the bloom and the glow that had been so extraordinary in the sound from the 215; now it is astonishing to hear the new 225 produce even more of that bloom and glow than the 220. In addition, the 225 has a greater output, and can be used with the McIntosh thirty-watt amplifier and C-8 pre-amplifier without a step-up transformer which alters the sound and is therefore something to avoid. And Fairchild says there are changes in design and manufacture which make the 225 more dependable and rugged than the 220.

I have also tried the Electro-Sonic Concert Series cartridge, the ESL-C1, and compared it with the Fairchild 225. The difference in sound is one of hairsbreadths, but it is definite: the Electro-Sonic produces the essential and pure sound from

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the record without the slight resonances which the Fairchild adds. In Mahler's Symphony No. 1 on Columbia SL-218 these additional resonances make the Fairchild's sound appear more brilliant; but one comes to hear that the Electro-Sonic's sound is the more true. And in Berlioz' *Au Cimetière* on Columbia ML-4940 the Fairchild's additional resonances appear as slight grains of stridency in Steber's voice that are not present in the voice as reproduced by the Electro-Sonic. I repeat: this stridency is a matter of hairsbreadths; and it is revealed only by comparison with the Electro-Sonic. If one listens only to the Fairchild one couldn't imagine anything more beautiful.

IN THESE comparisons I have used the two cartridges without transformers; and when used in this way the Electro-Sonic has a much smaller output than the Fairchild—so small that the gain provided by the McIntosh thirty-watt amplifier and C-8 pre-amplifier is insufficient to produce the music without excessive noise. This is where the greater gain of the Bogen PR-100-A pre-amplifier is useful: the noise is reduced to the point where it is covered by the music and isn't disturbing. But if one wants to eliminate the noise entirely one must use the Electro-Sonic with either a transformer or a fifty- or sixty-watt amplifier. I tried Electro-Sonic's own ESL-201-F transformer, and found that it introduced into the sound of Steber's voice a sharper stridency than did the Fairchild. Hence, for no noise with an Electro-Sonic cartridge one must use it with a fifty- or sixty-watt amplifier; and for no noise with a thirty-watt amplifier one must use the Fairchild.

The assemblage of components I recommend for the best sound from records begins, then, with a Janszen-Bozak speaker combination, an Electro-Sonic C1 cartridge ($35), a sixty-watt McIntosh power-amplifier ($198.50) and a Bogen PR-100-A pre-amplifier ($109), and requires in addition a Gray 108-C arm ($40) and a Garrard 301 motor and turntable ($87). The speaker combination, comprising a Janszen tweeter and two Bozak woofers, can be had in an excellently constructed and handsome Janszen cabinet ($559). Or one can combine a Janszen tweeter in its small enclosure ($161 for the black utility model, $179 for birch finish, $184 for mahogany) with two Bozak B-199-A woofers ($49.50 each) in separate Bozak E-300 cabinets ($75 each) which can be had in kit form ($40) (the Bozak cabinets are placed side by side, and the Janszen on top of them). Or one can construct for the woofers two enclosures with dimensions providing an interior space of at least five cubic feet (e. g. 30 by 24 by 16 inches), with no opening other than the one for the speaker-cone (i. e. no bass-reflex port!), and with cross-bracing from side to side, top to bottom and front to back to prevent the slightest vibration. One can merely line this enclosure with sound-absorptive Aerocor Fiberglas; but it is authoritatively advised that one staple a piece of one-inch thick, three-quarter pound density Fiberglas across the speaker-frame, with a hole cut out for the speaker-magnet; and that one cut a 1-by-4-yard piece of the Fiberglas into pieces approximately three inches square, with which the interior of the enclosure is lightly filled. The other components than the speaker can be put into a cabinet; or they can be left out in the open, in which case the motor, turntable and arm can be mounted on a Garrard base ($24), and a cage is available for the Bogen pre-amplifier ($7.50). For 78-rpm records an ESL-C3 cartridge must be added ($35).

Sound that is only a hairsbreadth less beautiful will result from substituting the McIntosh thirty-watt power-amplifier ($143.50) and Fairchild 225-A and C cartridges ($37.50 each). And a combination of the Janszen tweeter and only one Bozak woofer will produce sound with the same beautiful quality and with perfect balance of treble and bass, but without the additional solidity from the second Bozak woofer. This one-woofer combination also can be had in a Janszen cabinet ($359).

Less expensive assemblages next time.

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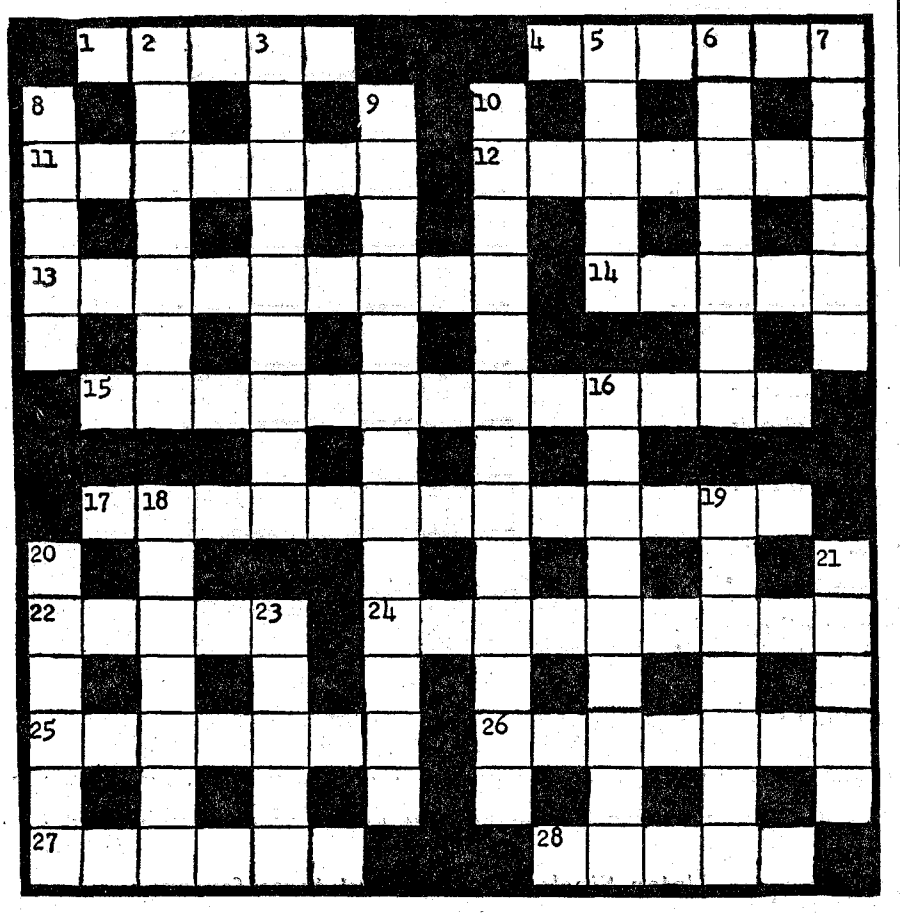
Crossword Puzzle No. 688

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Sore points in labor disputes. (5)
4 Tropic disease? (6)
11 Automobile to end up on? You might think it funny! (7)
12 Stands up straight and comes to the point. (7)
13 A favorite title for last century pianists, but you should picture it today! (5, 4)
14 They might be worn to a ball, or protect one from it. (5)
15 Some people don't like these to stay with them; they're certainly not conducive to getting on. (4, 9)
17 Study the bacon supply, for a fee! (13)
22 Helps, like around the stake. (5)
24 Has it changed to iron yet? (9)
25 Not rail turnover in the dock. (2, 5)
26 The way to allow some to get upset about it? If you're going to make them, you'd better get cracking! (7)
27 These poisons sound as though they should give ample warning. (6)
28 The condition of the body politic. (5)

DOWN:

2 Water buffalo. (7)
3 Leaves both sides of them, if they're being used. (9)
5 A light collection opposite the middle. (5)
6 Sanguinary. (7)
7 Like a Hogarth character? (6)
8 Is this only a small part of the struggle? (5)
9 How our fathers declared themselves, and ended in plenty? (13)
10 Standard in 17, instead of the team being there. (It's quite likely to be consumptive.) (13)
16 Does the party go underground if you do? (No wonder it's cross!) (9)
18 Certainly not a hidden weapon—if you don't prefer to strain for the clue. (7)
19 Copper might bear it, suggesting an odor. (3, 4)
20 His seat might be just above the trunk. (6)
21 Strauss' baron was such. (5)
23 Shoot, possibly because counterfeit coins are given. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 687

ACROSS: 1 and 18 down LET BYGONES BE BYGONES; 10 RADIANT; 11 and 6 EVENING STAR; 12 CONSIGNS; 13 BROKE; 15 ONSET; 17 NIBELUNGS; 19 NIGHT CLUB; 21 YEARN; 23 THANE; 24 BIGAMOUS; 27 UNCLEAN; 28 NOMADIC; 29 KISS; 30 ILL-STARRED. DOWN: 1 LORD; 2 TEDIOUS; 3 YEARS; 4 OCTAGONAL; 5 EPEES; 7 TRICORN; 8 REGRESSING; 9 VERBALLY; 14 MOON-STRUCK; 16 TATTERED; 20 GLANCES; 22 ASUNDER; 24 BANAL; 25 MAMBA; 26 SCUD.

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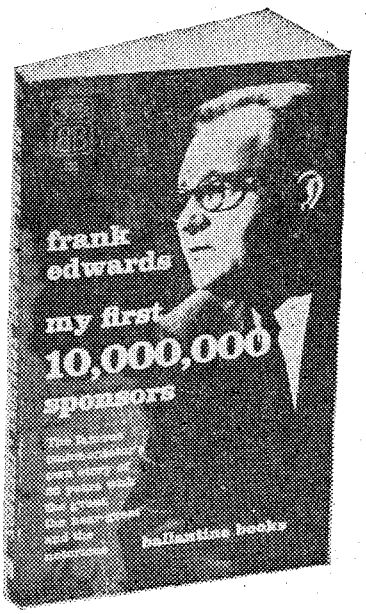

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